THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

VOL. LXI SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., OCTOBER 18, 1911. No. 42

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

O I will walk with you, my lad, whichever way you fare,
You'll have me, too, the side o' you, with heart as light as air;
No care for where the road you take's a leadin'—anywhere.
It can but be a joyful jaunt the whilst you journey there.
The road you take's the path o' love, an' that's the bridth o' two;
And I will walk wih you, my lad, O I will walk with you.

Ho! I will walk with you, my lad,
Be weather black or blue,
Or roadsides frost or dew, my lad—
O I will walk with you.

Aye, glad, my lad, I'll walk with you, whatever winds may blow,
Or summer blossoms stay our steps, or blinding drifts of snow;
The way that you set face and foot's the way that I will go,
And brave I'll be, abreast o' you, the saints and angels know!
With loyal hand in loyal hand, and one heart made o' two,
Through summer's gold, or winter's cold, it's I will walk with you.

Sure, I will walk with you, my lad,
As love ordains me to—
To heaven's door, and through, my lad,
O I will walk with you.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 8, 1879.

W. W. FERRIER ..... Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY ON THE WOMEN OF CALIFORNIA.

A great responsibility was laid upon the women of California by the adoption last week of a constitutional amendment which gives to them the elective franchise.

Not a few women do not care for that right and some were arrayed against it in the strongest of opposition. Naturally the indifference of so many women, to say noth- of the organized opposition, made the vote for the amendment much lighter than it otherwise would have been; and some men who voted for it voted that way rather half-heartedly because of this indifference—not wishing to lay upon any woman an undesirable and irksome responsibility. But in our opinion such women have not been looking at the matter rightly. There is need that thought be turned from the right to the franchise and centered on the duty. Voting is a duty, and just as much woman's duty as man's duty. For women to work through men for the bringing about of the needed reforms which can be accomplished only by the registering therefor of votes is too roundabout and indirect. Such a course reminds us of the verse:

"Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

Inasmuch as the Initiative and Referendum movement carried, it is stated that a movement has been inaugurated already by the women who opposed the suffrage amendment for the resubmission of the question at an early day in the hope that by the votes of women who now have the franchise the amendment will be rescinded. By this eagerness they have emphasized the value of that which has been given them and are preparing to try to do exactly what only votes can do—wipe out objectionable legislation. In this case simply legislation objectionable to them, because it lays upon woman a responsibility which they do not wish to have laid on her.

We say to this: Don't! Far better to keep the franchise and use it to do away with the things which are really objectionable—the things which sap the foundations of life.

Votes! Votes! Votes! They are more powerful than words—or bullets, or anything else that can be named. Votes count! Our adice to the women of California is: Use the vantage ground which last week in the providence of God was given you, and make California by your votes a shining example to the other states of the Union in ways manifold.

Really, isn't this better advice than—

"Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

It implies responsibility, of course. It means study and effort in various ways. But for what else was life intended?

By the women who do not wish to vote, to whom these words may come, let it be remembered that there are not a few men who wish at times that the responsibility were not resting upon them. But in the midst of that feeling they ask themselves what would become of the city and the state and the nation in which their lot in life has been cast if they should not exercise this gift, and accordingly discharge the duty.

So far as we have been able to weigh it the evidence is that conditions have been bettered in those states in which women have had the elective franchise for a few years. Of course, all who expected the millennium to be ushered in speedily have been disappointed.

But whatever the results elsewhere, the women of California now have it in their power to break the record and and to score triumphs which shall set all the world a thinking. Peradventure they will not do this. They may not do even so well as women have done in other equal suffrage states. But such failure will by no means take duty out of suffrage neither for woman nor for man. And finally, we would impress on the minds of the women of California the fact that the responsibility which is upon them as intelligent human beings to help make the conditions of life what they ought to be cannot be evaded by the rescinding of the amendment which has conferred on them the suffrage. We do not mean to say that it is woman's duty to vote merely because she has had the right conferred on her, but that the duty was always there; and, that, inasmuch as she is no longer prevented from discharging the duty, she should gratefully avail herself of her golden opportunities, and put the stamp of womanhood more largely on our institutions. To do otherwise is to say—

"Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

Gipsy Smith begins evangelistic services in Seattle Saturday of this week. While in New York City on his way to the Pacific Coast he was asked at a meeting of ministers: "Is modern evangelism a success?" Quick as a flash and with spirited emphasis came the answer: "Mine is." Then in all calmness he added: "I am not willing to say that all modern evangelism is a success. In fact, mine is not modern. I don't know any evangelism but that which began in Gethsemane and on Calvary. Evangelism that does not hang on the nails is no evangelism for me. God revealed the evangelism of the cross, and I am going to keep on preaching it until he revokes it. It is not my business to defend it, explain it or apologize for it, but simply to

drive it in. The church seems to have got away a good deal from the thing that God put it in the world for. The opening of blind eyes and the unstopping of deaf ears does not seem to be the main object any more. The leaders of the church are talking about entertainment and education and social experiments. But those things are not our business. Our business is to save men; to make new creatures. The church must bear before it can rear. It must disciple before it can discipline. It must bring in before it can bring up."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The new book by the Rev. Dr. Campbell of Sierra Madre, "Grow Old Along With Me," is having large sale.

The First Congregational Church of Los Angeles has issued a comprehensive announcement of its Department of Religious Education. The motto of the church is: "Every Member of the Congregation Enrolled for Bible Study, either in the School or at Home; Every Child in the Bible School."

Only a few of the meetings to be conducted by the Men and Religion Movement will be held on the Pacific Coast. Walla Walla and Spokane are scheduled for meetings in February, and San Francisco and Los Angeles in March. Two other far western points will be touched—Boise and Phoenix.

Rev. Charles R. Brown with a gown on in the pulpit doesn't seem like the same Mr. Brown that we were long accustomed to hear in the pulpits hereabouts until the sermon begins, and then all seems at once quite home-like. The present writer heard him preach in the Central Congregational Church of Boston one Sunday in September.

The Pilgrim Press, Boston, announces a new book by the Rev. W. Ellsworth Lawson of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, "An Anonymous Confession." It is mentioned as "a warmly human treatment of the 51st Psalm," the key-note of which is struck in the opening sentence of the essay: "Here is a poem that has become the shrine of penitent humanity. Its stinging shame, its scalding tears, its self-abasement—yes, and its final gleam of hope have made it the confessional of the world's sin." Since the foregoing was written we have received from the publishers a copy of Mr. Lawson's book, a review of which will be given soon.

Fifteen years ago the ground on which stands the house of worship of the First Methodist Church, of Los Angeles, was valued at $32,000. It is valued now at $600,000. The question the members of that church are now asking is: Where can an equally desirable site be found that will cost less money and leave a good balance to go into a more modern equipment? The membership of the church has reached 2,400. Last year the offerings for home and foreign missions aggregated $14,559.

All who heard Miss Margaret Slattery when she was on the Coast a few months ago as a representative of the Congregational Sunday school & Publishing Society, will welcome the new book by her announced by the Pilgrim Press, entitled "Just Over the Hill." It is said, concerning Miss Slattery: "No one has a warmer love for boys and girls nor a keener insight into their needs than Miss Slattery, and her marvelous knack of saying the right word at the right moment has been the envy of many teachers" This book, intended for young people between the ages of fourteen and twenty, will contain ten talks in story form on the things that lie "just over the hill,"—perhaps some of those charming stories from real experience which so delighted various gatherings of people in California, Oregon and Washington last April, May and June.

The California Christian Advocate celebrated recently its 60th anniversary by the issuance of a specially illustrated edition, with brief letters from prominent Methodists. Mr. Geo. F. Washburn, of New York, a member of the Book Committee, said in a brief communication: "Before another sixty years has rolled by, San Francisco will have become one of the greatest cities of the world, and one of the three strategic centers of a great world power, where we should concentrate our efforts in the upbuilding of a powerful, aggressive Methodism, with a Methodist Publishing house of its own, from which it could supply its own superb people as well as Methodists in the Islands of the Sea and the Orient. I predict a great future for a great people and a great nation. * * * No man can measure the good the Advocate has done and will do." The Pacific is a few months older than the Advocate. Would that it had a subscription list comparable with that of the Advocate!

At San Jose the Rev. Dr. Patchell is giving at his midweek meetings a series of travel-talks which according to all accounts are exceedingly interesting The Mercury says concerning the one on "Gibraltar and Southern Spain": "A travel talk resolves itself into a very personal question, being worth as much as the eyes, ears and understanding of the person who is relating his experiences. Dr. Patchell's talk, as has just been said, was altogether worth while. It was full of the intangible charm of color and atmosphere. It was vivid, forceful, easy, informing and informal; at times relieved with humor or a flash of wit; at times highly imaginative; then deep in its insight into human nature and big in its interpretation of life, and always and every minute, live, fascinating, compelling. He was a mystic when he touched upon the music of Spain and Africa; a poet when he described the architecture of the Moors and the dancing Gypsy girls, that you had caught a glimpse of fine tolerance and breadth and quenchless thirst for God when he talked of the hours passed in the Cathedral at Seville. Dr. Patchell stated that he supposed no traveler who had ever gone abroad had seen so few of the things that one is 'supposed to see' as he. This lent another charm to his talk. It was unique, unhackneyed. You weren't given guide-book descriptions of famous art galleries, but you did feel that somehow your pulses had quickened with the dancing Gypsy girls, that you had caught a glimpse of the culture and aspirations of the vanished Moors, and that you were one of the Holy Week throng in Seville."

In a sermon the Sunday before Columbus Day the Rev. Dr. Sidney Strong of the Queen Anne Congregational Church of Seattle, remarked that it would be a good day for Catholics and Protestants to burn the hammer, to get together and fill the minds of the people with the things held in common—"a common city, a common country, a com-

mon faith, a common destiny, a common God and Father of all mankind." In that connection Dr. Strong said: "There are in the world 150,000,000 Protestants and 250,000,000 Catholics. For 400 years these two sections of the Christian church have been suspicious of and hostile to each other. Each has rejoiced at the other's failures. Professing to be governed by the law of love, the treatment of each other has been singularly lacking in that quality. The scandal of modern history has been the unchristian conduct of these two Christian bodies toward each other. The real foe of Christianity has not been the infidel and the Turk, but a divided household. Catholics and Protestants have, in the main, a common belief. The three ancient creeds of Christendom are accepted by both. The Catholic catechism for home use differs little from the Episcopal or Presbyterian catechism. The leading doctrines of Christianity, such as the divinity of Christ, the fatherhood of God, the presence of the Holy Ghost, the inspiration of the Scriptures, are accepted by all alike. Reverence for saints is not confined to Catholics, for Protestants have their Luther, Knox, Wesley and Robinson, and share in reverence for Anthony, Francis and Xavier." The thought was enforced by the Scripture words: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love, one toward another."

In a recent sermon the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, contrasted two phases of life by making use of William Allen White's novel, "A Certain Rich Man," and the story of Job: "John Barclay—a man undersized, small, alert, clad in gray garments, sitting restless on the edge of his chair, a jaw square and mean, a mouth strong, furtive, the mouth of a liar, an unpolished peasant-like liar, who had been caught and yet had brazened it out, a high-domed, bulging forehead, naked in its whiteness, displaying the capacities of the poet and the idealist, and about the temples chiseled as fine as might be expected in the face of a delicate woman; a menace to Christian civilization, a danger to the race, because it incarnated the dominance of sheer intellect without moral restraint. Job of Uz—a man with a great strong jaw; on his mouth there played the light of a man who had never lost his child-like spirit, the touch of faith and joy—the forehead strong and high with great, splendid, clear eyes; a man who had dared to stand up in the face of God and man unafraid." Studying the two characters in the day of catastrophe, Dr. Day said: "The one man, the twentieth century millionaire, coming home in the hour when people execrate his name, in his private car, making a circuitous route, in order that he might escape scorn and accusing eyes, drawing down the shades when he passed through each little village, pacing up and down in the little office of the car like a caged jackal, for the foundations of life had gone out. With the other man the rains descended, the floods came, the winds blew and all things earthly had perished, but the household character had not fallen, for it was builded upon rock. See Job, sitting there, it is true, upon a dust heap outside the city gate, with his raiment rent, and dust and ashes upon his brow. His three friends, mighty men like himself, who had heard of his disaster, came to sit with him and comfort him. For seven days and seven nights these men of power sat beside him without offering a word, 'for they saw that his grief was very great'—and in all this Job sinned not with his lips. The contrast is before us," said Dr. Day. "The purpose is very clear, that which made the old man say of John Barclay when he was a young man: 'John is not conceited. No. He just has too little faith in God and too much in John Barclay, and believes that he can beat the game—that he can get more happiness out of life for himself than he puts in it for other people.' But Job was a perfect and upright man, who feared God and turned away from evil, and Job could say: 'Yea, though he slay me, yet will I trust Him.' How God waits for that loyalty!"

THE TRANSPLANTING OF ANOTHER NEW ENGLANDER

The Field And The Man From the Boston View-Point

The call of the First Congregational Church of Oakland has been accepted by the Rev. Herbert A. Jump of New Britain, Connecticut, and Mr. Jump expects to enter on the work here on the 10th of December.

Under the caption of "The Oakland Field and the Man," the Boston Daily Transcript, in chronicling the call extended to Mr. Jump, said:

"Considerable interest has been manifested in seeing what the Oakland church would do after losing a leader of such magnetism, versatility and pulpit power as its late pastor. In many respects the church affords the largest ecclesiastical opportunity for a minister in the Congregational denomination. With a membership of nearly two thousand, a Sunday school of more than one thousand, a capacious plant situated in the heart of a city of 150,000 inhabitants, which population represents a growth of 120 per cent in ten years, the First Church of Oakland is surpassed statistically at any of these points by only a few Congregational churches in the country; but when one rises above statistical tests and assesses the church for its history, achievement, influence and strategic location in its community and State and nation, perhaps there is no pulpit that looms larger. What it became under the twenty-five year pastorate of Rev. J. K. McLean and the immediately following fourteen year pastorate of Rev. Charles R. Brown has been due of course mainly to the rare gifts of these spiritual statesmen. For example, when the latter left Oakland he was preaching regularly to congregations that aggregated 3,000 persons each Sunday; he had served as preacher and lecturer at the two California universities; he was president of the California Home Missionary Society and of the trustees of Mills College; and there was no phase of intellectual, civic or philanthropic activity on the whole Pacific Coast which was not touched by his personality. These facts are a measure of the possibilities attached to the pastorate which his successor assumes.

"Rev. Mr. Jump is thirty-six years old, a graduate of Amherst College and Yale Divinity School ,and before going to New Britain he held two pastorates in college towns, Hamilton, N. Y. and Brunswick, Me. His friends and counsellors were Dr. William Newton Clarke, the well-known theologian, in the former place, and President William DeWitt Hyde of Bowdoin College, in the latter place; hence it is not surprising that he stands frankly on the side of progressive theology and modern social Christianity. In his two short years at New Britain he has become a power in the public life of the city, and to the problems of a cosmopolitan population and a rapidly changing civic life he carried such inventiveness, tact and democratic sympathy that under his leadership the Pageant of International Brotherhood on Burritt Day and the Polyglot Spotless Town Campaign in six languages were made possible. The story of these novel undertakings is still making the rounds of

the public press. The only Persian missionary in New England was set to work by Mr. Jump in connection with his church, and meanwhile he was co-operating with the Polish Catholic priest in the social service which that remarkable leader was doing among his foreign parishioners. The colleges have often sought Mr. Jump's services as preacher to their students, and his name has been attached to occasional articles in the Transcript and the Congregationalist. With constructive imagination, a genius for organization, and a large power of adaptability, in the heyday of his physical and intellectual vigor, Mr. Jump, if he decides to go to Oakland, will be challenged by as resourceful and splendidly organized a church as was ever offered to a man of his years."

Mr. Jump, as is known to readers of The Pacific generally, came to Oakland in August, and occupied the pulpit of the First Church for three Sundays. During his stay in California he so commended himself to all who came in contact with him as to insure a hearty welcome into the Congregational fellowship of the Pacific Coast when he arrives here in December to enter on the pastorate in this influential field of service.

This Oakland church is far-reaching in its influence, and it will be gratifying to every church on the coast to learn that the man selected for the spiritual leadership therein has a record such as to give earnest of a continuance of that wide helpfulness which has come always in the past from the men who have ministered there.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A church at Burlington, Vermont, has as name "The Every Day Church." The modern idea is that every church should be an every-day church—every day in that it is open every day in the day in the week, and so run as to meet the needs of "every-day" people.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, formerly president of Harvard, expects to start next month on a seven months' tour abroad. He will reach San Francisco next June. It is to be hoped that he will tarry here long enough to be heard in our Greek Theatre where many other noted men have been heard of late.

A correspondent in Idaho writes: "My observation is that woman's suffrage is a beneficent influence in our civic life." Among other things he says: "Recently hundreds of wives and daughters went to the polls and killed the votes of the men of their homes who were for the saloon."

The Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters, who supplied for several months last year for the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, is now at Pilgrim Church, New York City. The New York Observer remarks: "He will doubtless attract good audiences by his fearless discussion of live subjects."

Yale Divinity School has been petitioned by a Congregational association to place more emphasis upon the work of equipping preachers for rural churches by acquainting them with the most approved programmes for rural progress in all its phases, whether religious, educational, governmental, economic or the merely social. It is claimed that a serious handicap to the country minister is the neglect to familiarize him with his chief problems in rural communities.

The modern tendency toward union and strength rather than number of churches, is again illustrated by the coalition of the First and Central Baptist churches at Syracuse, New York. One has a membership of 952; the other 714. The property of one is to be sold and a Baptist temple with an auditorium capable of seating 2,000 persons will be erected. It will be equipped for institutional work and will be so located and constructed as to accomplish an extension of the Y. M. C. A facilities of Syracuse.

Presbyterians now have a very satisfactory denominational center at Michigan University, Ann Arbor. Recently the denomination effected arrangements to carry out the purpose of the donor and make Michigan hall, which was donated by the late Senator McMillan a real center of denominational life and influences. Heretofore the building has been rented to the University Y. M. C. A. Now, because of donations toward the $100,000 endowment fund, an entire group of three buildings can be used by the Presbyterian society. This group consists of Westminster house, Sackett and McMillan halls. The two latter will be used for the Presbyterian club and church house. They have been entirely refitted. The buildings, valued at $50,000, now contain bowling alleys, pool, billiard and reading rooms. On the grounds are two tennis courts. About 900 students with Presbyterian affiliations are enrolled at Michigan University.

The Continent states that the program for the next few months of the Chicago Sunday Evening Club, widely known for its down-town religious services which attract many people living in hotels and strangers passing through the city includes as speakers: President Taft, Ex-Governor Folk, Bishop Quayle, Dr. Charles F. Aked, Jacob Riis, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, William Jennings Bryan and Dr. Edward A. Steiner. The average attendance during the last season was over 2,500. While non-sectarian, the club is strictly Christian, and it endeavors to co-operate with all the churches of Chicago through a well organized committee of church affiliation. The club was organized and is conducted entirely by well-known Chicago business men, including Secretary of the Treasury Franklin MacVeagh; John G. Shedd, President of Marshall Field and Company; A. C. Bartlett, of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett and Company; John V. Farwell, Marvin Hughitt, and others.

The New York Observer comments as follows on the work of the International Sunday Sunday School Association and the call extended recently to Miss Margaret Slattery: "As a forerunner of the new policy adopted by the International Sunday School Association, one of the most important steps recorded in the Sunday-school world in some years has just been taken. A call has been extended to Miss Margaret Slattery, of Boston, educational superintendent of the Congregational Publication Society, to assume the leadership of the Advanced Division of the International Sunday School Association. The matter is now receiving Miss Slattery's consideration, but it is just possible that the Congregational Board may not see its way clear to allow her to go at this time, even though she were inclined to accept the larger opportunity for service. While Miss Slattery's reputation as an authority on educational problems connected with the Sunday-school has been established for some years, it is doubtful if many

realize the remarkable hold she has on the affections of the Sunday-school leaders from one end of the country to the other. No one thinks of her as a denominational representative. While thoroughly loyal to the Church of her earlier years, Miss Slattery is claimed just as much by all other denominations as by her own, and it is not surprising that she should be sought for to take charge of one of the most important departments of the organized Sunday-school work throughout North America." The Observer says further, concerning the work of the Associa: tion: "It is interesting to note the tremendous advances now being made by the International Sunday School Association. Both intensively and extensively there is a united purpose to enlist the co-operation of the strongest individuals in the country as committeemen and the most capable and best-known leaders in the world as heads of the various departments of work. Already the progress made indicates that the present triennium will witness the greatest progress in efficiency and expansion the organized Sunday-school movement has ever experienced since its inception."

Who will give us new hymns? is a question asked by the Rev. Dr. Barton of Chicago. He believes that we greatly need some new hymns expressive of the religious life of today, and remarks: We do not have any battle hymn of the Church, in which the eyes of the singers "see the glory of the coming of the Lord." We have none with any smell of powder about it, or the clash of steel. "My soul, be on thy guard" reminds us of the enemies that are trying to drag us individually from the unstable equilibrium of our personal salvation. The foes that are contemplated in Christian battle hymns are those that attack the individual soul, or which attack the church as an institution. "Am I a soldier of the Cross?" considers "this vile world" merely as that which does not "help me on to God." We need some hymns that recognize the fact that the great battle which is on in the world is the battle of righteousness in which the church is engaged, through its members, chiefly on the other six days of the week than Sunday. We need some hymns in which it shall become apparent that the business of the church in the world is to bring in the kingdom of God. We do not need to go to the battlefield for these war songs, nor bring too near the altars of God the similes that grow out of these conflicts in which men blow their fellow men full of holes, or stab them to death in bitter hatred on the field of blood; but we do need something in which we shall hear the ring of the steel and the roar of the thirteen-inch gun as Christian men banded together for righteousness bring their skill and heroism to bear upon the great conflcts of our modern life. We need hymns which shall inspire men to organize for decent legislatures, for reasonable hours of labor, and decent conditions in factories, and for those conditions of life which shall enable God to produce in our fellow men the likeness to Jesus Christ. Partly this is to be done by gentleness and peaceful meditation, and we need hymns of that sort in these days of bustle and strenuous living; but partly, also, it is to be done by the tremendous vigor of thoughtful men, inspired in the church for the conflict of our modern civilization.

A movement to make the city of Washington the musical and artistic center of the country has been inaugurated by Rudolph Aronson, the musician, composer, director, and theatrical manager. He plans to build there an American palace of art, theatre and concert hall which will rival anything in the old world. You cannot make the musical center or the artistic anywhere else, says Mr. Aronson. "New York and Chicago and California fight each other in art and music, because of their local pride. The thing has been started a dozen times in New York, but always fell flat because it was in New York, and the people of other cities displayed their local pride, not unmixed with jealousy, and refused to participate. But in Washington it would be entirely different. Here we would have a great building, modeled on Grecian amphitheatre lines, with a concert hall and theatre attached. Here in the summer time we would have the greatest musicians of the country come with their new compositions. Band leaders would be glad to come here with their enormous organizations to combine in a festival of American music. What America needs is a place, a recognized center, which will be the culmination of all American art, be it painting, music or drama. There is no such place now. American composers and American musicians will some day lead the world. But there will have to be a center from which they may radiate. Do you suppose American opera will ever have a chance in New York, where all the singers are foreigners, where half the chorus is Italian? Never! An American composer's work does not get the reception that an Italian's does. Did Verdi go to Boston to produce his first work, or did Wagner go to London? Not at all. Their countries have recognized centers and the German tone of the Wagnerian productions gets its full recognition in a German musical center. I have an idea that Washington is the place of all places in America to work out my big scheme. I would have it in full swing in the summer time. You say Washington is hot in the summer? So are all other places. I have been in Beirut during a Wagnerian festival, when you couldn't live, it was so hot; and hotels were no hotels at all, and there was nothing but misery for the human beings who flocked there to hear the music. But they came in thousands, and all because the musical center was producing the greatest thing in music. * * * In the summer time the musicians of America are unemployed, and this would make it so easy to get them all to come here. The theatre, too, would be suited to the first performances of great American plays, and the foyer would be the logical place to exhibit great American paintings. Where in the world can you get an audience like a Washington audience, with its representatives from every nook and corner of the country?"

A COURT OF DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

A New Antidote For Divorce.

This unique court is in Chicago. Although it has been in existence for six months we first heard of it two weeks ago in the home of the Rev. W. E. Barton, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oak Park. Dr. Barton had spent several hours that day in the courthouse in Chicago by the side of Judge Goodnow the presiding judge, making a study of the new court. An article by him in the Boston Transcript of October the 7th makes it possible for us to give a better account of this court as to its nature and as to what it is accomplishing than would be otherwise possible second hand: Dr. Barton writes:

There was current a few years ago a card which some men kept posted above their desk as an amulet against pessimism induced through the hearing of other people's woes. "Tell your troubles to a policeman; I have troubles of my own." It has often occured to me and rather sadly

that I and the policeman are the only people paid to hear other people's troubles. And a great many people have had to tell their troubles to a policeman who blushed in the telling. The people who come to Judge Goodnow's court to tell their troubles are almost exclusively women; and the people about whom they are troubled are men. And they do not tell their troubles to a policeman. One of the features of Judge Goodnow's establishment is that the first person who hears the troubles is a woman. She is not a police-matron in uniform, and she carries no bunch of keys. She occupies a room adjacent to the court room and to her women come with their tales of woe, and she informs the women whether it is necessary to tell it to a policeman.

"This is no fad, or freak of administration of law, but a dignified, orderly, and well planned attempt to administer the law in a constructive fashion."

"The first thing about Judge Goodnow's court as compared with the Police Court where a large number of these cases would be tried if no such court as his were in existence, is that it is a large, clean, light room, with loafers excluded, and no crowd of drunks and disorderlies leering about. The room is full, more's the pity, but of women and children, and more or less reluctant fathers, and small circles of interested friends. A large part of what is done is hardly heard or understood by the general assembly. The parties stand before the desk and tell their story, and often the case is adjusted by agreement without any considerable degree of publicity."

Some of the cases which came under Dr. Barton's observations are set forth by him graphically as follows:

"Charlie Petersen has dark hair and eyes. They are light only as compared with those of his wife, Rosie Mithrowsky, who is Polish. Rosie holds in her arms a little girl of three with as fair hair and blue eyes as ever came out of Sweden. Charlie Petersen's mother was not a Swede and from her he probably inherited his dark features; possibly, too, his motor cycle has had something to do with it. But all the fair features of all the Swedish ancestry of Charlie are visible in his child. This child is just about all that Charlie and Rosie have in common. He speaks English only, and is proud of the fact that he cannot speak Swedish. She speaks only Polish. She is far more Polish in appearance than her well dressed mother, who is a factor in the case. These young people have been married four years. They have no conversation. They shout at each other in broken English. Like the language in which Kipling's Sergeant Whatshisname taught military tactics to the swarthy soldier of the Nile, it is neither English, Copt nor Hindustani, but odds and ends and leavings of the same, translated by shouting in rather angry tones. Charlie does not drink. Rosie is a neat housekeeper, but they have no home life. He has bought a motor cycle and is to pay a total of $300 for it at the rate of $31 a month. That dollar a day and his gasoline come out of his wages of $16 to $20 a week, which he earns as a steam fitter. He wants the mother-in-law to keep away, but the mother-in-law has kept away, sometimes a month at a time, torn by anxiety lest her daughter and grandchild are in actual need. Then she buys some provisions and goes over, always to find her daughter's larder bare, and the purse completely empty. How can she stay away? Charlie protests that he gives his wife money; but when pinned down as to amounts, he remembers that he gave her twenty cents four days ago—it was all he had left after purchasing his week's supply of gasoline. He is legally married to Rosie, but his heart is wedded to his motor cycle. It is the only thing that lifts his life above barren and uncompanied monotony. It is not in the power of any court to teach Rosie English, nor to make that an ideal match. But henceforth Charlie is to call at the desk of the clerk of the Court every week and deposit $6, which money Rosie shall have all in one lump for household expenses, and they must be good to each other,and the mother-in-law must not interfere. They all agree, and the fair-haired child which has a five-cent bag of candy, purchased by grandma to keep the baby still in Court, offers the open bag first to mother and then to father in a burst of unconsciously well timed generosity. Rosie takes a sugar plum, but Charlie takes the baby, and they go out together. Cupid heaves a sigh. It is not all that could be desired, but it might be worse.

John Miaskieowszki has a name that few can write and fewer pronounce. That is one reason why he is called by two names in court. The children in school have taken the name Bradford, in an effort to become Mayflower descendants. Therefore John Miaskieowszky, alias John Bradford, comes to court under two names, and not through any attempt to conceal his identity. He owns a little house worth $1500, with a mortgage of $700 on it. He is an industrious man, a hard-working Pole. There are four children, of whom two are in court, a well-looking boy of eighteen, and an attractive girl of fifteen. The name of Bradford fits them as well as if they had been born at Plymouth; but John is undeniably Polish, and the Pole by any other name would be as undeniably a Pole. The mother has tried to keep up with the children, and is far more American than the father. The complaint against John is bitter. He is a drunkard, and when drunk abusive. But John tells another story. He is not a drunkard. He is industrious, and earns $18 a week. He goes to the saloon to get his check cashed, and always has a few drinks, but rarely gets the worse for it. On the occasion in which he is accused of deserting his wife, he went home taking nearly all his week's wages, and handed his wife $16.75 of it. But she threw it at him, made the sign of the cross, and hoped never to see him again. He said the children were ashamed of him because he was just a plodding, hard-working man, and for three months his wife did not speak to him. The children, however, sided with their mother, and said that John drank more than he admitted. Since he left home the girl had left school and gone to work.

"One little incident which came out by accident, lifted this case out of the low, dreary channel of the commonplace. John was asked how long he had been married, and in the demand for an exact date for the record, it appeared that this was the very anniversary of his wedding. He had been married twenty-two years today.

"That was the little incident that the judge caught at. These two people with their children ought to find a better way than this of celebrating their wedding anniversary. Their differences were not hopeless. They were to go home together, and prepare for a celebration of this anniversary with their children. The case would be continued for thirty days. Meantime, John must come back home to live. The daughter must go straight back to school. Mrs. Bradford must be good to her husband. The children must stop "butting in" when the older people had a "scrap." I quote the exact language of the court—it was language perfectly understood by all the parties, Polish and English though their native speech. The children must love both parents, and show far more consideration than they had shown their father. John must get

his checks cashed somewhere else. Now they were to go directly home, all of them, to waste no time in needless discussions, but prepare a good celebration for their twenty-second anniversary.

"Now when Cupid slips into that court thirty days hence, I hope he will be pleased with the progress that has been made."

All day long the week through it is said. Judge Goodnow listens to stories like this and many that are worse. The effort is, however, to group the bad ones at the end of the day, after the courtroom has been pretty well cleared and when unpleasant details need not be overheard by people waiting for their own cases. It is a difficult position for a judge to fill. One can pass on questions of money with far less nervous wear and tear than questions affecting the breaking up of homes and the care of helpless children.

Judge Goodnow is aided by two or three very useful laws. One is that wife desertion, or contributing to the delinquency of children, is an offense punishable with imprisonment. He can, if necessary, do very severe things to a husband who abandons his wife. But still more valuable is the right to continue a case and modify the treatment if it is not working well. He can compel children to be returned to school, wages to be brought home and men to keep at work, not because these are penalties authorized by statute, but because there are penalties that can be imposed by statute if these evidences of good faith and repentance are not produced.

Dr. Barton says that he is inclined to think that Judge Goodnow's clerk, is an important part of the system. To her the story is first told, and many a case of domestic trouble is adjusted without coming into court at all. And when it comes in, she keeps the record, and has friendly relations with the home side of the case.

The result of the six months justify the best hopes for the Court of Domestic Relations. Judge Goodnow is proceeding cautiously, and with nothing spectacular in his methods. He is doing a valuable work and the results show it. He has returned 1250 husbands to their homes, and has managed a large number of other cases with good success. He has collected and paid over to wives and families at least $25,000, much of which would have gone for other purposes. He has married sixty-four couples in bastardy cases, and only two of them have thus far given him subsequent trouble.

The court thus conducted is a branch of the Municipal Court, and Chief Justice Olson says that they intend to test it thoroughly, believing that it can be made one of the most useful branches.

The court deals now only with offences against women and children, in which the municipal court has final Jurisdiction. Later other kind of cases may be added.

A man's life tells more powerfully for his convictions than words, and oftentimes a man's words are hampered in their effects by the kind of life he leads. The readers of The Pacific know that Lord Byron wrote some of the most beautiful Christian ballads in the language, some of which have been placed in hymn books for singing purpose. What piece can be more beautiful or more to the point than the ballad on the "Destruction of Sennacherib's Army," but the lecherous life of Byron back of it nullifies its effects, while every one who reads any poem of Lowell or Longfellow or Bryant or Whittier is inspired, thrilled more even by the noble life back of the poem than by the poem itself. Indeed, the life and the poem work together in the effect.

SEVEN CITIES—THEIR DIFFICULTIES, THEIR DREAMS, THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS, AS SEEN BY A VACATION WANDERER.

5. "NEW YORK CITY THE MELTING POT."

(From a Series of Sunday Evening Sermons by Albert W. Palmer, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland.)

A man said to me this summer, "I feel that all the time I spend outside of New York City is wasted." He was a New Yorker temporarily residing in Chicago for business reasons. His remark was a very true gauge of the lure and fascination that New York City lays upon men and women who come under its spell. There is only one other place in the world that I know of which exerts the same mystic power and that is California, though the reasons for the fascination are entirely different. New York is one of the most impressive cities in the world to approach if one is fortunate enough to come to it not through the railroad tunnels but by boat. I entered it this summer by the Providence Line, sailing down the entire length of the North River one beautiful sunny July morning, around the Battery and part way up the Hudson River to the dock. New York City arose at the water's edge like some great mountain range, the horizon line pierced by lofty peaks. One of the first things which I did on landing was to go to the top of the great Metropolitan tower and there from an elevation of 660 feet above the sidewalk I looked out upon one of the most wonderful panoramas in the world. There is nothing you can compare it with except the view from Glacier Point in Yosemite. With the City spread out beneath you, with Brooklyn and Jersey City and Newark farther away, with the harbor crowded with shipping, it is, upon a clear day, one of the most remarkable views in the world,—the homes of one sixteenth of all the population of the United States are in view.

There are some things in New York City that thrill you because they are so stupendous and so splendidly done. They represent human achievement at its highest level. There are the great Hudson Tubes driven under the river through the solid rock; there is the beautiful new Public Library and the great Pennsylvania Terminal, one of the grandest buildings in the world. One of the happiest afternoons I ever spent was in the Metropolitan Art Museum in the presence of some of the really great pictures of the world. But as one stays in New York and explores it there come into view problems as titanic as are the achievements of the city. As one studies the poverty and sin and the squalor and tragedy of the city's life, one feels that to meet these things some great wisdom and some mighty power working with the energy and force that drove the Hudson Tubes and built the Pennsylvania Terminal must be turned upon these problems of human life and welfare. I have time in this address only to touch the surface of two of these great problems.

The first and most outstanding problem in New York City is that of over-crowding. The prevailing method of housing is the 4 to 6-story tenement containing from 8 to 20 families for the poor, and the great apartment house and hotel for the well-to-do. People no longer have their own homes, they have a few rooms in a great barracks and they are piled up on top of each other like the cans of Sardines on a grocer's shelf. The result of this over-crowding

is bad physically. It denies to many the proper light and sunshine and fresh air. It is bad socially for it breaks down family life, makes many of the institutions of the home for which humanity has struggled for ages impossible. And it is bad morally because it makes moral contamination easy and rapid.

I had this over-crowding brought home to me very forcefully by a trip of inspection through the school playgrounds. Dr. Stitt who is Superintendent of School Playground work took me in a taxicab to visit eighteen playgrounds in one afternoon. Of these eighteen only two were out of doors and one of those was under the approach to the great Manhattan Bridge. All the others were in the basements of school buildings. Here in each of these basements were gathered four or five hundred children and a very interesting program of playground work was being provided for them by trained instructors. The afternoon opened with the general assembly at which an impressive salute to the flag took place and then the children were divided into different groups, some playing basket ball and indoor baseball, some playing quiet games, some going to the reading room, and some having the privilege of the shower baths. Every hour these groups were shifted and a regular program was followed for the afternoon. In this way thousands of children are kept off the streets, are taught wholesome games and thousands of shower baths are provided free during the summer. One of the characteristic features of these playgrounds was the Baby Hammocks, two pieces of wood about three feet long are connected by a net so as to form a hammock which is hung with a dozen or so similar hammocks to a frame along one side of the room. In these hammocks the boys and girls ten and eleven years old who come to the playground deposit the baby brother or sister for whose care they are responsible.

A pathetic illustration of the over-crowding in New York was a debate which I heard between Dr. Stitt and a school principal. The school principal had a garden which occupied a piece of ground about thirty feet square and felt there was great value in giving a group of some thirty children a chance to plant things and see them grow and the debate hinged about the question as to whether the space was not more needed for a place where two or three hundred could play.

But the over-crowding of New York came to me still more forcibly one night when I went down to Rivington Street to visit a couple of the public schools equipped with playgrounds on the roof which are open evenings. I made my way down the middle of the street. The sidewalks were impassable and the whole street was crowded with men and women and children at play, so that I could hardly make my way through them. Arriving at the school building I found the janitor engaged in sorting out the children who should be permitted to ascend to the roof garden. The method was very simple. An arbitrary line was fixed on the door; anybody who could measure up to that line could go upstairs; any body who could not had to go out into the street and grow! Up on the roof a sight of light and joy met me. The roof itself was constructed of smooth tiles so joined together as to make a good surface for dancing. On a platform in the middle was a very good orchestra of fixve pieces. The principal of the school, Mr. Silverman, a young Hebrew with a fineness of spirit and a breadth of sympathy and vision which made me think that he must have been the original for David in Israel's Zangwell's great play "The Melting Pot," invited me upon the platform with him and I saw one of the happiest sights in all New York. The orchestra began to play and four hundred children entered into a program of folk dancing with the utmost of joy and abandon. They were well dressed for they had on their very best clothes. They were clean. Many of them had beautiful faces and everyone of them was radiant with joy. And every living soul there and within a radius of half of a mile, except myself, was a Russian Jew. I made a short speech to the children for the Principal assured me that it would be an event for them just to be introduced to a man who came from far away California. And then a little Jewish boy was given to me as a guide and he piloted me a few blocks away to another school which had two roof gardens the size of this. And yet, as we pushed our way through the crowded street hand in hand together, there seemed to be just as many children as ever and one felt that the handful of a few hundred up on the school roof garden was not missed at all!

There is much noble work being done among the poor of New York City. I was shown a book nearly three inches thick which my host called the "Modern Acts of the Apostles" and which was simply a catalog of the different charitable organizations of New York City. The building where I made my headquarters was filled with offices of charitable organizations and next door to it was the famous Gerry Society for the protection of children. I visited recreation piers where the people from the tenements can crowd out over the harbor for a breath of cool air and where pure milk for babies is sold at actual cost. I visited public baths and saw something of the splendid work being done by college settlements and by certain churches. And yet the total impression was that all that was being done was simply touching the surface of the need. To really grapple with such conditions as New York City presents, three things must be done in a large way: First, there must be an improvement of economic conditions. Every struggle which is made for better wages and more wholesome working conditions like the heroic strike of the shirtwaist makers, should be supported by an intelligent and active public opinion. And in the second place there must be comprehensive city planning. The same genius that drove the Hudson Tubes and built the Pennsylvania Terminal, if it were harnessed to the task, could drive tunnels and build great institutions of social welfare in the East Side. And in the third place New York needs desperately provision for sane and wholesome amusement.

This leads up to the second of the two problems upon which I wish to touch—the problem of amusement. The best introduction I can give you to this problem is to take you to the night court. This night court represents an advance in the administration of justice. It holds sessions every hour during the night and in this way people who are arrested in the evening are not thrown into jail to await trial the next day, but may appear before the magistrate immediately for trial and, if innocent, be dismissed without the stigma and contamination of a night in jail. The court is conducted with admirable fairness and with remarkable dignity. The Judge wears a gown and his treatment of the prisoners was considerate and kind. The night court I visited on Sixth Avenue near Ninth Street handles cases of women only. All of the cases which I saw, with one exception, were those of young women arrested for soliciting men on the street for immoral pur-

poses. Some of these women were apparently hardened wrecks but the great majority of them were attractive looking girls with latent possibilities of all that is best in womanhood. They were only a few of the scores and scores of girls whom I had seen an hour before parading singly or in two's and three's up and down Broadway and Sixth Avenue, unmistakably advertising to every passerby their tragic occupation. Why were these girls here in the night court receiving sentences to a few weeks in the workhouse or being fined and sent back to the street with all the greater necessity laid upon them to ply their trade? Why were these other scores of girls out on the street living this kind of a life? There are two answers that explain the great majority of the cases: The first is the economic pressure of life in New York City when a girl is paid from $4.00 to $6.00 a week and cannot live in decency and comfort on any such amount. And the other reason is the unwholesome, vapid and morally disintegrating type of amusement which the great City offers to its young people.

For, after all, what are the sources of amusement to the great mass of the young life of New York City. First of all, and best of all, the Moving Picture Shows. These are so censored by a committee, with the voluntary co-operation of the manufacturers, that over 95 per cent of the films shown are unobjectionable. Moving picture shows have their limitations. The rooms are often too dark, the associations are not always good, the amusement is passive, working on the emotions but requiring no participation, and yet, on the whole, the moving picture show which is the great democratic theatre is cleaner and more wholesome than the high priced theatres patronized by the well-to-do. The second form of amusement is the cheap burlesque and vaudeville show which is largely stupid and inane occasionally brilliant and good, and which always contains a certain proportion of that which is vulgar, indecent and morally destructive. Then there are the dancing academies and dance halls. Careful investigation shows that practically all of the young people of New York City learn to dance. Fifty per cent of the dancing academies where dancing is taught sell liquor and ninety per cent of their patrons are under twenty one years of age. Beyond the dancing academy is the dance hall. There are 100 of them in Manhattan. The attendance during the winter season is probably between 4 and 5 million. Practically all of them sell liquor. The mass of young men and women seek social pleasure, or, in a word, life, during the time that is free from the monotony of the industrial and commercial world and "they go to the dance hall for enjoyment as the young people of Puritan New England flocked to the husking bee." The fourth source of amusement is the saloon and cafe. Careful investigation shows that in a typical New York district 113 out of 255 meeting places of clubs and labor unions and other organizations were in saloons. A Civic Club of young men wanted a meeting place. It could get a good room in a good building for $3.00 a meeting, an old dirty room in a poor building for $2.00, a meeting, but it could get a good room over a saloon provided with the understanding that drinks would be bought—rent free! Finally, as a dizzy climax to the amusement possibilties for the great mass of people in New York City, there is Coney Island! It is hard to characterize Coney Island. There is a little in it that is positively good; there is a lot in it that is comparatively harmless; but there are also doors there which remind you of the one that Bunyan's Pilgrim found which opened directly into hell. One returns from an evening at Coney Island with a feeling of deep concern for the character and moral stability of a generation whose natural longing for amusement is perverted in such a fashion.

I saw, however, in New York City, or rather in Jersey City, which is really a part of the metropolis, one experiment along the line of amusement that seems to me to suggest the way out. It was the "Peoples' Palace" which is conducted by the Rev. John L. Scudder. Mr. Scudder was formerly pastor of the First Congregational Church of Jersey City. He was interested in the amusement life of his parish and sought to provide wholesome and adequate amusement for his young people. A wealthy friend of his, Mr. Joseph Milbank, became interested in his work and in the end built and equipped the Peoples' Palace at a cost of $250,000. It is a six-story building containing a theatre, a gymnasium, shooting gallery, pool rooms, bowling alleys, hand ball court, running track, library, reading room and lodge room. The lodge room is rented to any lodge that desires to use it. The membership fee is very low and all the facilities of the Palace are provided at as low a rate as possible. All sorts of clubs and organizations are encouraged to have their headquarters here and the patronage has been so large as to pay all the expenses of operation. The value of this institution is that its amusements are wholesome, free from the taint of alcohol, properly supervised, and that in place of passive amusements there are largely active ones in which the person himself must take part and do a share. I believe the day is coming when in all of our large cities such recreation centers will be provided not merely by private generosity but by public funds and it will be realized that the Recreation Department is as vital a part of city life as the Health Department, that it is, indeed, a sort of moral health department.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

In the passing into the other life of Deacon James S. Painter of Pacific Grove, on the 8th of this month, Mayflower Church loses a faithful and greatly beloved member.

Founders' Day was observed by Pacific Theological Seminary last week. Addresses were made by the Revs. Walter Frear and W. C. Pond.

While in Cleveland, Ohio, a few weeks ago, we had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. H. B. Mowbray, widely known and esteemed in California, and who has been for several years assistant pastor of Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, where considerable work of an institutional nature is done. Mr. Mowbray likes his work in Cleveland. His early home was in that part of Ohio. Nevertheless California has a large place in his heart.

The Rev. S. H. Cheadle who went from California to Colorado a few years ago has gone now from Colorado Springs to West Palm Beach, Florida, where he is interested in fruit culture. Mr. Cheadle gave many years of faithful service to the gospel ministry on the Pacific Coast—first in Washington, next in California. We first made the acquaintance of this large-hearted devoted Christian worker in Indiana thirty years ago.

Mention is made elsewhere in the Pacific this week of the acceptance of the call, by the Rev. Mr. Jump of Connecticut, of the First Congregational Church of Oakland. We quote here an editorial note in the last issue of The Con-

gregationalist: "If Rev. Herbert A. Jump accepts his call to succeed Dr. Charles R. Brown at Oakland, the First Church of that city will get a man of robust physical health with the temperament and good humor that keep one who carries heavy burdens from being overweighted, and withal a man who, intellectually and spiritually, has proved his mettle in fields already well served by him. In two of them, Hamilton, N. Y., and Brunswick, Me., he was in constant contact wtih the problems and opportunities of the college town, while in New Britain, where he now is, he has been brought close to all the seething interests of a great manufacturing city. Undoubtedly he is the kind of man whom Mr. Brown would be glad to see as his successor, and he would prove a strong addition to Congregatfonal and Christian forces up and down the Pacific Coast."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Saratoga.—From his home in Saratoga, Cal., on Friday, October 13th, Deacon S. H. Wyatt passed into the other life at the age of 76. Deacon Wyatt and family have been very valuable members of our church in Saratoga for many years. He had not only been the leading deacon for a long time, but had held various other offices in helping forward the work of the church. At different times he was Sunday school superintendent, church treasurer and trustee, as well as deacons. He was also helpful with the music in church and Sunday school. Many a pastor has been a success or failure according as he had the help of such families as the Wyatts and Farwells of Saratoga.—W. H. C.

Pasadena, First.—The season's activities have commenced along all lines of work. Attendance at the Sunday-school on Rally Day was the largest in the history of the school. Seven people united with the church by letter Oct. 1st. Rev. George Irving of Claremont preached at both services Oct. 15th, Dr. Fox having been invited to preach the dedicatory sermon for the new building at Corona. Rev. C. H. Seccombe of Santa Ana, is conducting an Interdenominational Teachers' Training class in the study of the graded lessons, at the First Presbyterian church on Tuesday evenings. Dr. Fox chose as his evening theme Oct. 8th, The Socialism of Jesus. He plans to speak on vital topics along social and religious lines, for the evening service during the fall and winter.

Los Angeles, Pilgrim.—The second annual meeting of Pilgrim church was held Wednesday evening, October 11th. A large and happy company sat down to dinner, after which reports were heard and officers elected. This is the newest Los Angeles church save one. It is in a rapidly growing section of the city, Vermont Square. During this, the second year of its history, seventy-six members have been received, making the total at present one hundred and twenty-seven. Of the above, fifty-three have been received during the seven months of the service of the present pastor, Rev. Tyler Dennett. There will be an accession of about fifteen next communion. The money raised for all purposes amounted to $2,235.00. The growth of this vigorous young church is most gratifying. Mr. Dennett is displaying splendid gifts of leadership. He is an energetic pastor, having made nearly eight hundred visits during his brief term of service. The church is actively allying itself with local movements for community uplift. Perceiving its spirit in entering into community life, the people of the neighborhood are showing their appreciation by the response they are giving. At its present rate of progress, the church will quickly rise to a position of marked influence in Southern California Congregationalism. Its vital, vigorous youth gives great promise for the future. It is gratifying the faith of the Conference Board in its entering the field at the start with such strong initiative.

WASHINGTON.

Beach.—The Rev. C. E. Philbrick of Beach, Washington, and Mrs. Elizabeth A. Hoff, of Los Angeles, were united in marriage at Beach on the 2nd of October.

Seattle.—The Rev. Dr. Van Horn is East attending the national society annual meetings. As vice-president of the American Missionary Association he presides at the meeting in Chicago—Dr. Northrup, the presdent, not being in attendance.

Snohomish.—Union Evangelistic services by the Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist churches conducted by the "Drummer Evangelist," T. H. Osborn, have been held for four weeks in the Congregational church of Snohomish, Washington. While filling an engagement at the Puget Sound Chautauqua,Rev. L. L. Woods, Ph. D., pastor of the Congregational church, witnessed the work of Mr. Osborn and felt that here was an evangelist who could do a great work for Snohomish. A conference of the pastors of the above mentioned churches resulted in Mr. Osborn's acceptance of their united call and there has been a series of the most remarkable evangelistic meetings ever held in Snohomish. A wonderful personal experience and a spirit-filled life enables this man of God to preach eloquently, fearlessly and convincingly. Graphic illustrations from real life woven into the gospel story make this evangelist a speaker who has held the unwavering attention of his immense audiences. Jesus Christ has been magnified and civic righteousness has been exalted; Christians have been quickened, backsliders have been reclaimed and sinners converted. The music alone has been a rare entertainment; hearts have been thrilled and touched with the sweet voice of Mrs. O. P. Callahan, pianist, and Miss Ruth Osborn, who is an accomplished performer on the Irish harp. Mr. Osborn himself is a singer of no mean ability, and "Throw the Line," a song written and sung by him, will haunt the memory of his hearers. Miss Iona Zietz, of this city, has assisted at the piano and pipe organ. A large chorus choir and the sunbeam choir, composed of little folks, have been under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Callahan. Mr. Osborn and his assistants have left for Issaquah, Washington, where they will continue their evangelistic work for a few weeks.

OREGON LETTER

By George H. Himes.

Rev. Vernon Cooke, who has been pastor of the Ingle Chapel Church the past year, was recently favored with a bit of good fortune. In addition to his church work, Mr. Cooke was a student at Whitman College. While there he tutored the son of a wealthy mining man of Cheyenne, Wy-

oming. In this way this mining man became cognisant of the faithful and loving service of Mr. Cooke, in teaching his son, and as an evidence of his appreciation, he invited him to accompany him to Yale University with the understanding that he will defray all expenses of the trip and in addition offered to provide the necessary funds to enable him to take a full University Course in that institution. It is understood that Mr. Cooke will accept the invitation.

At a point in the southeastern part of this city, fully three miles from the post-office, eleven months ago Rev. T. S. Winey, under the auspices of the Congregational City Missionary Society of Portland, began gathering a lot of children and young people together in order to organize a Sunday-school. As there was no house of worship or Sunday-school within a mile or more of the locality in which this work was initiated, it met with encouragement, and a small hall was secured in which to begin the work. It prospered from the first, and it at once became apparent that the conditions gave promise of the early organization of a church. Accordingly an option was secured upon a most eligible and beautiful site, 90x100 feet, about this time it was discovered that the old house of worship of the Sunnyside Church was about to be destroyed, consequently negotiations were entered into respecting its removal to the site above referred to. It was found to be impracticable to remove the structure as a whole, hence it was torn down carefully and rebuilt. And not it is in place upon the new site and in good condition. All in all this enterprise represents an outlay of $4,000, and good judges say that it cannot be duplicated for less than $6,000. The location is well chosen and most sightly, and in the heart of a beautiful residence district which is rapidly being built up, with an excellent type of comfortable homes. Several months ago a church of some thirty or more members was organized, as well as a Sunday-school, and the latter now has an enrollment of approximately two hundred. This church, known as Waverly Heights Congregational Church, at the southeast corner of Thirty-third and Ellsworth streets, was dedicated this afternoon, Rev. Luther D. Dyott, of the First Church preaching the dedicatory sermon, and Rev. J. J. Staub making the dedicatory prayer. The Quartette choir of the First Church sang two anthems. Prior to the sermon Rev. George A. Paddack, Home Missionary Superintendent, made an appeal for offerings which resulted in securing over $600.

When the matter of raising the funds to secure the site was first considered by the City Missionary Society an appeal was made to Mr. D. K. Abrams, for a contribution. It was not convenient for him to respond with money at the time, but he gave two lots in the city of Vancouver, Washington. A little later these were sold and netted $600, and was used in making the first payment.

Mr. Abrams came to Oregon in 1850, and was a charter member of the First Church at the date of its organization on June 15, 1851. In 1871 he came a charter member of the Hassalo Street Congregational Church. By reason of removing to his farm many years ago, in a locality quite remote from any town, he has not had the opportunity to attend to church services regularly for a long time. Neverthless he always maintained a great interest in the development of religious work, and to that end gave many thousands of dollars. He died a few months ago considerably beyond eighty years of age. He was the last of the original ten charter members of the First Church.

Portland, October 1, 1911.

The Home.

THE JOYS WE MISS.

We overstate the ills of life, and take
Imagination, given us to bring down
The choirs of singing angels overshone
By God's clear glory—down our earth to rake
The dismal snows instead; flake following flake.
To cover all the corn. We walk upon
The shadow of hills across a level thrown.
And pant like climbers. Near the alder-brake
We sigh so loud, the nightingale within
Refuses to sing aloud, as else she would.
O brothers! let us leave the shame and sin
Of taking vainly, in a vlaintive mood,
The holy name of Grief—holy herein,
That, by the grief of One, came all our good.

All are not taken! there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoined—
And if before these sepulchers unmoving
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth),
Crying, "Where are ye, O my loved and loving?"
I know a voice would sound, "Daughter, I am.
Can I suffice for heaven, and not for earth?"

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

CHRONIC UNHAPPINESS.

There is no virtue in a long face, no merit in sadness. Sorrows come to every life, disappointments and trials trouble every heart, but God never intended that they should make us gloomy. We must learn to get strength out of sorrow and gladness out of gloom. No one can do this without the sublime confidence which God's revelation to man inspires in the heart. A definite faith in Jesus Christ as our Lord and Master will change our entire viewpoint of earthly experience.

Even men in business life recognize the commercial value of a cheerful spirit and such control of one's self as drives away chronic sadness. The head of a large business firm dismissed one of the employees suddenly and apparently without reason; the young woman called for an explanation.

"I dismissed you because you were persistently and chronically unhappy," said her former employer.

"But I have never known anything more unjust," remonstrated the girl. "People cannot help being unhappy."

"They can," said the man. "Unhappiness is nothing but a bad habit. I do not say that you should be content with your position in life; I think you are right to make every effort to improve your circumstances, but you will never

improve them by taking up the time of those you come in contact with and drawing on their strength by appeals for pity and sympathy. The first thing for you to do is to learn that cheerfulness is a duty you owe your self. When you go around with a long face you actually reduce the vitality of everybody around you; they feel sorry for you, and that depresses them. They consume time uselessly in pity that should be given to forwarding their own interests."

"But, said the girl, "things are all wrong in my life. I want them changed, and I want to arouse interest so my friends will help me to better things.

"You will never arouse interest by sadness and a long face. I believe it is an actual fact that no man ever helped another just because he was sorry for him. Many a man has helped another because the way he bore himself in sorrow aroused admiration; that is quite a different proposition.

"Take your own case for example. Since you have been here you have spent a large part of your time in tears. What have you ever gained by the tears? You have disturbed the minds of all the other girls and made them gloomy and less attractive to our customers. You have used your own strength in grief when you should have used it in improving your work. I am sorry, but we cannot use you until you have learned that your first duty is to be brave and cheerful. When you have learned that, come back."

This is the commercial view of cheerfulness. The Christian view furnishes a far nobler motive for the culture of cheerfulness and suggests the effective means for its culture.If unhappiness is a bad habit, the best way to overcome that habit, as well as all bad habits, is by a personal appropriation of the promise of Him who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I yill give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

The Christian Observer.

CRAVING BEAUTY.

A young girl who came from a country town said that nothing had so hurt her with a sense of impoverished lives as her first encounter with the children of the slums It was a little scene familiar enough to anyone who passes often through the tenement districts. She had just purchased a five-cent bunch of flabby sweet peas because, in a half-hearted way, they reminded her of the flowers growing sweet and strong toward the light under her mother's window. She had hardly left the florist's stall and turned into a crowded side street when she found herself the center of a small mob of children pushing and jostling one another, the bolder of them pulling at her skirts.

Gimme a flower, lady? "Say, lady, gimme a flower, please!" came the chorus from the urchins, most of whom looked as though they needed soap and water and bread and clothes far more than posies. She had distributed all but two or three flowers that she had stuck in the lace of her waist, and was about to pull them out when a boy's voice piped in the outskirts of the crowd: "Aw, git out! Can't ye see the lady wants some for herself?" The love of beauty, being unselfish, was the soil in which the flower of chivalry sprouted for the first time in his murky little soul.

Settlement workers, librarians, and teachers in the slums see constant evidence of this craving for beauty which is at once the tragedy and the hope of the slums, since the unsatisfied longing must be the dynamic force to break the crust of filth and ignorance. They find, on the whole, in the children a bent toward the finer things, the simpler lines, and more delicate tints. Whether it is due to quickness of intuition and a desire to please "the lady" or whether it springs from something inherently right in the instincts of the undeveloped mites of humanity, it would be hard to say. Yet it makes a foundation to work in.

Harper's Weekly.

EXPECTATIONS.

Have you anything to hope for? Have you any ship at sea?
Have you proud anticipations of a day that is to be?
Are you thinking while you labor of rewards that still are due—
Of rewards that may to-morrow be in fairness brought to you?
Are you looking to the future as the hopeful look ahead?
If you have no expectations you might just as well be dead.

Are you grimly toiling merely for the crusts you get to-day?
Have you earned no right to bravely hope discouragement away?
Have you never rendered service that the world must recognize—
That shall prove your worth or somehow earn for you the splendid prize?
Have you cast upon the waters of the future any bread?
If you have no expectations you might just as well be dead.
Have you tested all your talents? Have you merited rewards?
Do you dare to covet honors that the world to worth accords?
Hopeless, mirthless, they are waiting who have sent no ships to sea;
Never daring to think proudly of a day that is to be,
They are dragging out existence, somber, sullen heirs of dread—
If you have no expectation you might just as well be dead.

—S. E. Kiser, in Record-Herald.

A WIFE'S NEED.

A certain woman was restless. She was worn out, but it was not with physical work. Her husband was wiser, perhaps than most husbands. He did not send her to the top of a mountain where she was the only inhabitant. He sent her to a resort where there were many new people, with new personalities and new topics of interest. She needed contact with the world more than she needed a cool climate. Frequently men who brush elbows with a dozen persons each day do not appreciate the solitude of their wives. Sometimes when a man needs as a rest to get away from miscellaneous humanity, contact is just what is needed by his wife. Frequently even if she has enough feminine society she lacks the society of men. Perhaps her husband never really converses, or is able to converse, with her. A man hidden behind his newspaper at the breakfast table is not a creation of the comic paper; he is a too frequent fact. Too often his wife does not in-

terest him because the sphere which is imposed upon her is too limited. Yet she may have been so confined to her own thoughts all day that she feels she will go crazy if she does not have someone to talk sincerely with, or some other human excitement. Birds often divide the care of the young, and when the female leaves the nest it is sometimes merely for change and rest. There are some who believe the Frenchwoman is more content than the average woman in other countries because she has a share in the family business.—From Collier's

HAPPY SURPRISES.

Into all our lives, in many simple, familiar, homely ways, God infuses this element of joy from the surprises of life, which unexpectedly brighten our days, and fill our eyes with light. He drops this added sweetness into his children's cup, and makes it to run over. The success we were not counting on, the blessing we were not trying after, the strain of music in the midst of drudgery, the beautiful morning picture of sunset glory thrown in as we pass to or from our daily business, the unsought word of encouragement or expression of sympathy, the sentence that meant for us more than the writer or speaker thought—these and a hundred others that everyone's experience can supply are instances of what I mean. You may call it accident or chance—it often is; you may call it human goodness—it often is; but always, always call it God's love, for that is always in it. These are the overflowing riches of his grace, these are his free gifts.—S. Longfellow.

Our Young People

THE FAGOT-GATHERER.

Once upon a time there lived an Old Woman in a hut on the edge of a pine forest. The hut was small and old, with a rickety door. The Old Woman was alone and forgotten by the world, and very poor. Her only means of support were the pine fagots which she gathered in the forest. These she carried to town and sold for the little money which bought her coarse bread. She eaked out her food with the herbs of the field and gathered her firewood in the forest. But she was very, very old, and weak; her back was bent, and the town was far away; so it often befell that her bread was scanty, and the hearthstone of her miserable little hut was cold. Weighed to earth by the burden of her lonely and loveless lot, by the feebleness of age, and by hunger and cold, no wonder she thought night and day only of her own wretchedness.

One day, at nightfall, when the Old Woman returned from the forest with a load of fagots on her back, she found by the door of her hut a half-starved cat, mewing piteously. She carried the cat into the hut, fed it and gave it a comfortable bed of straw. All the while she was thinking:

"I will feed and shelter this cat because it will be useful to me. It will rid the hut of the rats that overrun it, and besides, it will be company for me."

But when she awake the next morning, lo! the cat had gone away through the broken window and it never came back.

"Ungrateful cat!" cried the Old Woman, "I relieved its distress, and it has done nothing to me."

A month after that time, again at nightfall, the Old Woman heard a pitiful whining, and opening the door she beheld a dog, which begged after the manner of its kind, for food and shelter. The dog was a huge mastiff, gaunt and footsore. The Old Woman bade the dog come in, fed him and made a comfortable bed of straw. All the while she was saying within herself:

"This dog will be useful to me. He will carry the heavy fagots on his back to town, and besides he will be to me a protector and a companion. Therefore will I feed and shelter him."

But when morning came the dog was gone, having pulled open the rickety door with his huge paw. The Old Woman was angry, and said, "I have wasted my scanty food on a thankless beast."

A few weeks later, as she was returning from town, at twilight, she found in the path of her little hut a little child. The child had wandered far, and was sobbing bitterly from fright, and weariness, and hunger and cold.

The Old Woman said to herself, "I will take this child to my hut, and feed and shelter him. If his people come for him they will give me a goodly reward. If they do not come, then he will be useful to me. He looks to be a strong and healthy child, and his young and nimble feet will save my old and halting ones many steps. He will gather fagots, and fetch and carry for me, and, besides, he will keep me company in this lonesome place."

So she led the child into the hut, warmed and fed him, bathed his bruised feet, and shared with him her own poor bed. But in the early morning the child's father came for him, having traced his footprints in the light snow, and took him away. And, being a very poor man, he could give naught but hearthy thanks for the child's care and keeping.

Then the Old Woman wept and said: "It is God's will that I should be alone and unassisted always. Hereafter I will ask nothing for myself but that I may bear my lot patiently until my release shall come."

Soon winter fell upon the land, the forest floor was covered with snow, and the fagots were buried beneath it. One evening the Old Woman, sad and hopeless, sat before her little fire. She had only a small piece of bread left, and her supply of fagots, even with great care, would last only into the morrow. The wind howled dismally around the hut, and the snow whirled in through many crevices. At length there came a knocking at the door.

The Old Woman hobbled as fast as she could and threw the door open. There stood, leaning on a staff, and with a pack on his back, a thin, bent, old man, covered with snow and shaking with the cold. Before he could speak a word the Old Woman seized his arm and pulled him into the hut saying, "In the name of our common Father and our common humanity, come in." Then she threw the last of her fagots on the fire, to make a great blaze, and she gave the stranger her last piece of bread, and she climbed into the loft and slept on straw, so that the weary old man might have her own more comfortable bed.

When she arose next morning, she looked through a hole in the thatched roof and beheld her guest of the night departing. The storm had ceased, the sun shone warmly, and the old man walked with a vigorous step, not leaning on the staff in his hand. The Old Woman lifted her tear filled eyes in prayer:

"I thank Thee, my God, that Thou hast permitted me, so poor and weak and miserable, to give strength and

comfort to one of Thy creatures."

With her heart filled with that peace which can come only from unselfish acts of kindness, she descended from the loft. And lo! a great fire blazed on the hearth, a huge pile of firewood stood against the wall, while on the table lay bread and meat and some pieces of silver. Also, a large warm shawl lay across a bench. The Old Woman wept with joy and gratitude. She felt that God had sent her all that she had so much needed, and she sought no other explanation. But the fact was the old man whom she had sheltered from the storm was a peddler, and he had given from his pack the shawl and the food and from his purse the silver. And sceeing her need of firewood, he had risen early and gathered the pile of sticks which stood against the wall.

A few days afterward there came to the hut a strong young peasant, who clasped the Old Woman to his breast and kissed both her withered cheeks, crying:

"Grandmother, I have come to take you to my home, where you shall have every care and comfort as long as you live. When I got back from the war I learned that I had been reported killed in battle. You were gone from the old home, and I believed you dead until I met the peddler whom you sheltered from the storm a few nights ago."

The strong young peasant took the poor Old Woman away from the wretched hut on the edge of the forest to a home of peace and plenty, where she lived a few happy years. Often she gathered her great-grandchildren around her, and taught them, in her simple way, the lesson which she had learned so late—that there is no true happiness, no real good, except in the love which "seeketh not its own."—Flora Estes.

THE LAND OF CONTENT.

Dave had been very restless all the morning. First he wanted this and then he wanted that,—things that it was impossible for him to have.

"Why, Dave, if the moon were shining, you'd be crying for the moon, I do believe," said his mother. "Get that pretty picture-book, and see if you can match a picture or two with a story!"

Dave fetched his book; but the pictures, of which he was generally fond, didn't interest him one little bit.

"If it were Pat's book, Mummie, I'd like it sure!" he told her.

"You mean the one with the Irish tales?" she inquired. "It's too far for you to go and borrow it now, but there's a tale in it I can tell you!"

So Dave came close to his mother's elbow, as she was busy shelling peas.

"When the tale's done, Dave, you can help me shell!" This is the story.

Connla of the fiery hair always wanted to be off, doing something wonderful. He was tired of the height of Usna where he lived with his father, the king.

One day he was standing on the hill when he heard strange talking as if from a young girl. He saw no one, but the voice said, "I come from a happy place where it is a long holiday, and we need no one to help us with our joy."

The king and all wondered at hearing the voice. Connla alone saw the maiden after she began to speak.

"Who are you talking to, Conn?" asked the king. The voice answered, "Connla is talking to a fair maid from Moy Mell. There has been so sorrow there, where Boadag is king, and he will be king forever. Come and judge for yourself of our happiness in Moy Mell, the happy land."

The king was frightened, and called for his chief druid, —his "medicine man."

The druid came and chanted his spells, and the maiden and the voice disappeared. As she vanished, she threw an apple to Connla. As long as he kept this apple in his pocket he was happy, all because it came from the Land of Happiness. But he lost it, and he went back to his old worryings.

After a while the maiden's voice was again heard, saying, "Come, Connla, to King Boadag's land, where there are apples in abundance." But the king summoned once more his old medicine man, whose name translated means "Selfishness."

The maiden said to the king, "The day will come when your druid's magic spells will be no more heard: they'll have no power, for they are false!"

This time Connla saw a gleaming canoe on the beach below the hill. So he ran down and stepped on board, and the canoe carried him to the Land of Content, which is its right name, although people sometimes call it Happiness. There he was satisfied with his daily occupations or recreations. Everything was right to him, for the work seemed to do him more good than whatever else he got by it. He was always content, and therefore always happy.

Dave had been helping his mother with pea-shelling while the story was going on. When it was done, he said, "Can't I get some more sticks, mother, and put them in for the next row of peas to climb up?"

"Yes, son, that you can!"

She told him where he could find them. Dave kept so busy that he was quite surprised when he heard the dinner bell ring away down the garden. He came in as happy as a morning lark. After dinner he enjoyed his picture-book and managed to read the tales in it.

When Jimmie came round, their play was jollier than ever. His mother had kissed him her thanks for the pea-sticks, and later she said:—

"See what a happy day, Dave! You learned to find your way to the Land of Content by taking hold of that work first."

"Yes, mother; and Jimmie's coming to help me with the potatoes. Won't father be glad when he comes home!"

—Louise Nash in Christian Register.

Great effort is going to be made the coming winter in the State of New York to repeal the law against race-horse gambling on the ground that the law is destroying a noble sport and at the same time relegating to degeneration and ruin the equine race, which leads the Outlook to say: "Is it worth while to improve the breed of horses at the expense of the breed of men?" In this conclusion, we are reminded that John in his Revelation tells us that after the millennium, Satan should be loosed a little season, and this will be true in Maine in reference to the repeal of the constitutional provision that made Maine a prohibition state. No reform can really go permanently back, but as surely as God rules in every case, Satan will be loosed for a season.

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

—Located at—

Berkeley, Seat of the University of California.

Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low. Year opens August 22, 1911. Address President,

C. S. NASH, D.D.

POMONA COLLEGE

Claremont, Cal.

JAMES A. BLAISDELL, D.D., President

A Christian College for young men and women. Courses leading to the degree of B. A. or B. S.

Schools of Music and of Art.

For catalogue, etc., address,

Edwin C. Norton, Ph.D., Dean

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

—Dealers in—

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.

242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE CATHARINE

1589 Sacramento Street

Mrs. Kate S. Hart, Proprietor

Formerly manager of the Ramona, a quiet, home-like house. Rooms have buffet kitchens, where persons can do light housekeeping. Hot water day and night. From Third and Townsend take Ellis steet cars and transfer at Larkin. Ellis street cars and transfer at Larkin. From Ferry take Sacramento St. cars.

thought
To temper and refine it,
Each plan a higher planner
To consider and define it,
Could we but win that subtle grace,
Discretion pure and real,
Far nobler then would be our lives,
And nearer the ideal.

—A. Judson Sage.

The tallest of tall buildings—the Singer tower, with its height of 612 feet, and the Metropolitan tower, just 700 feet high, are to be eclipsed by the Woolworth Building, now under construction at Broadway and Barclay St., New York, whose final will be 750 feet above the street level. There will be 30 stories in the main building, above which a tower 85 feet square will rise for another 25 stories.—Scientific American.

MILLS COLLEGE

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast Suburbs of Oakland, California.

Full collegiate courses leading to degrees. Entrance and graduation requirements equivalent to those of Stanford and University of California. Students fitted to teach regular lines of academic work and Home Economics. Special advantages offered in music, art and library study. Well-equipped scientific laboratories and gymnasium. Special attention given to health of students. Provision for outdoor life and amusements. Christian influences. Courses so arranged that students may enter either semester. Fall semester opens August 23, 1911, spring semester opens Jan. 10, 1912.

President Luella Clay Carson, A. M., Litt. D., LL. D., For catalogue address Secretary, Mills College, P. O., California.

Free Kindergarten Normal School

of the

Golden Gate Kindergarten Association

Accredited by the State Board of Education.

The 20th year begins in July and the Kindergarten reopens this year, July 24.

Miss Virginia Fitch, President.

Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal.

Address: 1617 California St., Room 7 San Francisco, Cal.

THE HAMLIN SCHOOL

2230 Pacific Avenue,
2117-2123 Broadway Street,
San Francisco.

A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

Comprising:

A French School for Little Children, Primary, Intermediate, High School and Post Graduate Departments, Household Economics, Drawing, Painting and Elocution.

Accredited by the University of California, by Leland Stanford Junior University and by Eastern Colleges.

Courses in Singing, Instrumental Music—piano, violin, organ, harp, flute, cello, etc.; Theory and Composition, Harmony, Sight Reading, Musical Dictation, Choral and Orchestral Practice, etc., are offered by the newly formed Music Department.

For particulars in regard to the school, please send for prospectus. Address

MISS SARAH D. HAMLIN, A. M.

2230 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING SCHOOL

2119 Allston Way, Berkeley, Cal.
(State accredited list.)

New Class begins September 11th.
Senior Class begins July 31st.

GRACE E. BARNARD, Principal.
HARRIET E. HUGGINS, Associate.
Telephone, "Oakland 4688."

Eight Trains Every Day

Each way between San Francisco and Los Angeles City

Luxuriously Furnished—Completely Equipped

Some by day for the tourist and the sightseer and those who would know the "Road of a Thousand Wonders." Others by night for the convenience of the busy man and merchant.

Southern Pacific

TICKET OFFICES:

884 Market Street Market Street Ferry Depot
Palace Hotel 3rd and Townsend Sts., San Francisco
Broadway and 13th St., Oakland